

SLEEPWALKING KID

Once, I dreamt my father
back to life. Sea green
robes around him, he met
me at my bus stop. He
smiled, muttered something,
and walked with me, up the
street, to home. His eyes
still sunk into black rings,
on his face, from when he
was sick. I once sleepwalked
to that same bus stop when
he was still alive, practicing
for when he died.